

Cartoonist Impresses as a Possible Champion in Winning Dash for Juveniles at Saratoga

Fisher's Colt Roms to Easy Victory Over Field of Nine

Bud Lerner Is a Poor Second and Cherry Pie Is Third; Fator Has Big Day in Saddle, With 3 Winners—Fairway, Toucana and Harrihan

By W. J. Macbeth

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Aug. 22.—Bud Fisher's Cartoonist, a handsome chestnut two-year-old colt, won the Adirondack Handicap, at six furlongs, easily to-day from a field of ten of the very best of his division. Furthermore, he won so easily that he further entangled the greatest puzzle of the generation as to where a juvenile crown belongs.

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Cartoonist beat the Rancocas Stable's Bud Lerner, considered one of the most formidable candidates for highest honors in the division. Lerner, who was second, was easily outdistanced by Fisher's colt. The race was a close one, but Fisher's colt won by a half length in the eighth furlong of mile of 1:12 flat.

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King Watts Is 2:08 Victor on Grand Circuit

Four Heats Necessary to Decide the Knickerbocker at Poughkeepsie Meeting

By W. J. Macbeth

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Aug. 22.—Four heats were required to decide "The Knickerbocker" 2:08 class trot, purse \$2,000, at the opening of the fourth meeting of the Grand Circuit at the Hudson River Driving Park to-day.

King Watts, driven by A. M. McDonald, won the event by taking the two last heats after the first had gone to the great Volo, piloted by Walter Cox, and the second to Legal J., piloted by Warman.

Berbelwyn, veteran of the half-mile track, lost to the great Volo by a head in the first heat. In the second Legal J. broke at the finish, but crossed the line a length ahead of King Watts only after a close brush with Princess Dutch.

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The Battle of Brookline

No. 3—Robert T. Jones Jr.

If golf results ran as true to form as tennis results run, we would to-day pick Bob Jones, of Atlanta, as the next amateur golf champion of the United States. For Jones to-day is the greatest amateur golfer in the world, in so far as power, skill and style are combined in any one man.

Golf, however, is entirely too uncertain an affair for even the greatest golfer in the field to be given anything like an even chance to win. The Atlanta star was twenty years old last March. He is 5 feet 8 inches in height, weighing 148 pounds.

At the age of twenty, in his three open championships he is tied with Walter Hagen at 891 strokes for the total scoring, leading such great golfers as Jim Barnes, Jack Hutchison and Chick Evans at the medal test.

When an year old this young golfer played the 6,500-yard East Lake course in 81 strokes. Three years later, at thirteen, he had won a 70. That same season he won his first tournament in Birmingham from a strong field. He was fourteen years old when he came to his first amateur championship at Merion, qualified well and then defeated such fine golfers as E. M. Byers and Frank Dyer only to fall before Bob Gardner in a hard match.

His next amateur bid came at Oakmont, where he reached the final round, falling back at last before the superior golf of Dave Harmon, who played the thirty-two holes needed in two strokes under even 4's. Outmet stopped Jones in 1920 in the semi-final round, and last fall at St. Louis he gave way before Willie Hunter's 71, which included a 7 on the long thirteenth.

Jones made the boldest bid of his career at Skokie, where he came within a stroke of tying Gene Sarazen—and this after a bad start. After the nine holes his golf was the best of the field. Here, at last, is one golfer in whose style not even the most critical experts can find a flaw.

There is so much interweaving of power, grace and skill that on a few times wonders how a shot is ever missed. Blessed with powerful hands and equally powerful wrists, Jones has no weakness in any club in the bag or any type of stroke. He has merely needed the seasoning that comes from experience under fire, and that is rarely acquired with a rush.

The Southern champion carries a stout heart and a cool head into battle, with a far greater curb upon the impetuous over-earnestness of his earlier days. There is no longer any sign of petulance or worry over his mistakes. He is as fast now as George Duncan in his play, at times a bit too fast where a trifle more deliberation might be of service. But who, at twenty, looks upon deliberation as a virtue?

There is a certain mixture of firmness and ease to his body with a trifle of grace of weight that is well worth watching. At Brookline it was mainly with him a matter of putting. If he is putting as well as each rival he case he will not be beaten by any round about a 74 or 75.

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Villa Forces Fighting, but The Decision Goes to Genaro

Judges Fail to Please Crowd in Their Ruling at Ebets Field; Eddie Brady Declared Victor Over Babe Herman, of California, in the Semi-Final

By Jack Lawrence

Frankie Genaro won the decision over Pancho Villa, in a ten-round bout last night at Ebets Field, but the ruling did not appear to meet with a great deal of approval. The "Fighting Filipino" carried the fight to Genaro in most of the rounds and obviously drove home the most telling blows. Genaro weighed 110½ and Villa 109½ pounds.

The fight was far different from the first meeting of this pair. On that occasion Genaro won. Last night he did not win. He was given the decision, but it was a bad guess on the part of the judges.

It was harmless fight and both boys left the ring unmarked. The aggressiveness of the Filipino would, in our opinion, had counteracted the few solid blows that Genaro landed and should have resulted in the verdict being given to the Filipino.

Villa had a word of speed and was on top of Genaro throughout the ten rounds. Neither boxer was ever in trouble and there was an absence of bloodshed. There was all the speed that might be expected from men of this size and it was often impressive to follow the fusillade of blows, but the true wallop that were landed flush to the chin failed to cause either man to waver. Genaro finished strong and so did Villa.

When Villa heard the decision announced he exhibited for the first time in the United States a touch of temperance. He did not forget himself as much as to fail to shake hands, but he stamped a tiny foot in anger and fled through the ropes.

Plenty of Action
The early stages of the Villa-Genaro affair were filled with action and speed. At times the action was to a pitch that bewildered the eye. Genaro, with a victory to his credit over the fighting Filipino, had a great deal of confidence and he tore in with right hand. Pancho was there and in his eyes there seemed to be the determination to put up the fight of his career. The first two rounds were fought as a fireworks of blows. Once Pancho slipped and fell to his knees and the willing crowd scented a knock-out. Villa hopped to his feet, however, and launched a display of fists that had Genaro reeling for the ropes.

The third was a flare of gloved hands, with very little to choose. The fourth was Genaro's. He had speed to combat and he proceeded to light punches to one, which is going some against a young person like Pancho Villa, who is the soul of speed. They jabbed and hooked and drilled away with such a gust of speed that the fans were forced to cheer even though no damage was done.

The fourth and fifth were even, but in the sixth the punching Pancho cut loose with rights and landed drive after drive on Genaro's bewildered chin. It was a great round, full of action and fireworks, drives to the body with nicely alternated splashes to the chin. The great Filipino had the crowd with him and they urged a knock-out.

When the crowd was doing its best urging, in the eighth round, the tough Mr. Genaro let go a few right-hand shots to the jaw that made the boys from the Philippines feel particularly miserable. The pair opened the ninth with a furious burst of speed, letting loose drives from all angles, and they landed with pleasing frequency. Many times they matched their small feet and

the possibility of his making a trip abroad to meet Eugene Carqui, featherweight champion of Europe. He said there was too much money to be made here in little old New York to be thinking about making costly trips across the Atlantic.

Indians Buy Outfielder
LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 22.—Outfielder Joe Connolly, of the Little Rock Southern Association club, has been sold to the Cleveland Americans, it was announced to-day. He is to report to the Indians at the end of the season.

After disposing of Buddy Jackson in two rounds over in Newark on Monday night, Harry Wills, negro heavyweight champion, smiled and said that he would be glad to get himself into condition for his bout on Tuesday night with Tut Jackson, the huge black boy from Washington Court House, Ohio. He made a tacit admission that he hadn't worked very hard for his bout with the Buddy person.

Tut Jackson, according to Billy McGarney, declared yesterday that he was emphasizing the fact that many persons have confused Tut Jackson with Buddy Jackson, and he said he wanted it known that no two fighters were ever more different in their methods. McGarney, in brief English, said that Tut was a fighter and "the other is a bum." The real fighter and the man who will win the championship ambitions of none other than Tut Jackson, he added.

Both Training Hard
Johnny Dundee and Vincent ("Pepper") Martin are in hard training for their battle for the junior lightweight championship of the world, which takes place at the Velodrome next Monday night. A stream of automobiles will leave Madison Square Garden to-day for Martin's training camp at Summit, N. J., in charge of Johnny Keys and Dr. Walter E. Traprock, the explorer.

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and it looked to many as though a draw would have been better. Eddie Herman and Brady weighed 126½ pounds.

In a six-round scrap that came before the semi-final of the Philadelphia Fight, Eddie Herman and Brady weighed 126½ pounds. The boy from the far-off Philippines anchored the fight hook on the chin of Clifford, and the referee had run out of the ring and remained remote and uninterested for a considerable period of time after the referee had run out of the ring. The statistical report will show that Eddie Clifford was knocked out after forty seconds of fighting in the fourth round.

In the opener of four rounds Tommy Madden defeated Yussel Pearlstein.

York, Pa., Tennis Stars To Play at Altona
YORK, Pa., Aug. 22.—Dr. H. Malcolm Reed, York Country Club tennis champion, and Walter B. Locks, finalist, will enter the central Pennsylvania tennis tournament at the Altona Cricket Club at Altona, August 22 to 25.

The York racket wielders will enter the singles and later the doubles. There will be upwards of 100 contestants. Some of the best amateur tennis players in central and western Pennsylvania will compete for prizes.

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Racing Summaries

SARATOGA RACETRACK, AUGUST 22—Weather Clear; Track Fast

754 FIRST RACE—THE WELLESLEY HANDICAP; for two-year-old fillies; purse, \$1,061. Five furlongs. Time, 1:07. Winner, St. Louis, owned by J. W. Healy, trained by J. W. Healy.

755 SECOND RACE—For three-year-olds and upward; maidens; purse, \$1,061. One mile. Time, 1:38. Winner, C. A. Stoneman, owned by C. A. Stoneman, trained by J. W. Healy.

756 THIRD RACE—THE ADIRONDACK HANDICAP; for two-year-olds; guaranteed purse, \$1,061. Five furlongs. Time, 1:07. Winner, St. Louis, owned by J. W. Healy, trained by J. W. Healy.

757 FOURTH RACE—THE ADIRONDACK HANDICAP; for two-year-olds; guaranteed purse, \$1,061. Five furlongs. Time, 1:07. Winner, St. Louis, owned by J. W. Healy, trained by J. W. Healy.

758 FIFTH RACE—For three-year-olds and upward; maidens; purse, \$1,061. One mile. Time, 1:38. Winner, C. A. Stoneman, owned by C. A. Stoneman, trained by J. W. Healy.

759 SIXTH RACE—THE HURON HANDICAP; for three-year-olds; mile and three-sixteenths. Time, 1:38. Winner, C. A. Stoneman, owned by C. A. Stoneman, trained by J. W. Healy.